BATURDAY JUNE 11, 1904

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

(Baltimore Md.-The Teleharmonic comnecessary button.)
They had a lovers' quarrel

And were sitting far apart.

When she thought how gentle music
Has been said to soothe the heart,
So she softly pressed the button
For a dulcet melody,
Thinking that he'd lose his anger
When he heard "O Promise Me."

But her hands went up in horror

And her heart was filled with w When the switchboard operator Started in "Why Don't You Go?" With a muttered imprecation

He had started from his place, When she pressed another button, Getting "I Don't Like Your Face."

Then, in grief and desperation,

Then, in grief and desperation,
At the button board she flew,
Jabbing at the one insprinted:
"I Can't Tell Why I Lave You."
Came a crashing tune in answer—
"Twas the last and fatal blow,
For the words surged through the parlor
"You Can Tak. Your Things and Go!"

Then the lover rose in anger.
Rose and started for his hat,
While she almost had hysterics

As in dumb surprise she sat He was leaving—then another Button she pushed in. Alack.
"I Don't Care," the wires zent buzzing,
"If You Never Do Come Back'!"

So the loving hearts were severed
By the hand of science cold;
Thus another tale of sorrow
Born of progress must be told.
For her hopes were rudely shattered
And his happiness was lost
Through the songs that came unwanted
All because the wires were crossed.
—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

The Story of a Telephone

By ELIZABETH F. SEAT

T was not beautiful; no telephone that it would never pay for itself by proving useful, but when she made that statement she did not take into acnew telephone. That telephone had long been Nora's heart's desire, and now as and gazed at the little oak box from

that she was really no longer alone! taken her, and she had a lot of things range her hair for the reception this She had only to take the receiver into besides the money; the chief himself evening." ther hand, and somewhere from out the came out to arrest her, and the whole spaces stretching away towards Dal-party's coming here so's she can be it's up in her room awaiting her."—
ton she would hear a friendly voice in identified!"

looked out of the window; the church cushions of the chair and tried to unspires of Dalton gleamed above the derstand it.



SHE RETURNED AT LAST TO THE TELEPHONE.

green trees and cultivated fields in the valley; smoke from its huge factories and hundreds of homes lay in drifted masses towards the east. Down the road, a quarter of a mile away, the telephone men were speeding in their light wagon; along the highway, parallel lines of poles hung with wires marked the friendly approach to the

While she was gazing at the scene before her the telephone rang. The suddenness of the sound startled her. Her heart beat quickly; she took up the receiver: "Is that Markley farm? Is the telephone connection finished?" "Men are-" "Gone! oh, that's all right; your number's Pike 12. Better make a note of sit, until it's printed in the directory next quarter. Good-by." Nora hung up the receiver, turned

back to the window, and said selfreproachfully: "I didn't really need it! Aunt was right; she said I'd nobody to call up, and as I'm shut in for life, I'm not likely to meet many new people, but it makes me feel as though I had a real person right in the room!"

Aunt Alice came in, glanced at the unwelcome intruder hanging so near to the invalid's chair, and said: "A waste of money, Nora: you could have spent it doing better for yourself and your family than that!"

Mrs. Harding, who had never been Ill for a week during the whole 50 years of her life, hurried out of the room bent home of a friend two miles in the fore ten o'clock in the evening. To be sure, it was not yet 11 in the mornto herself, Nora refused to follow her turned to the contemplation of her telephone. "It's the only one in a half mile and it may prove useful. Perhaps she may want to call me up when she gets to town!"

._ Taking the directory from its book

she scanned the names eagerly; there were not many of them familiar. She put it aside and restlessly took up some fancywork, glancing often wistfully at the pleasant country scene spread before her window.

It was almost noon when her telephone rang sharply as though some one were in a great hurry she hastened to receive the message: "That you, Nora?" (It was Aunt Alice after all.) "I left my desk unlocked, and there is a large sum of money in it. As I'm not coming home for several hours I'd like to feel that all is right. Call down to Jane, tell her to lock it and bring you the key. I'll hold the line a minute to hear that she's done it!"

Nora wheeled herself to the speaking tube and whistled several times, then out in the hall and called loudly, but could hear nothing in reply. She pany has been incorporated. It will wire houses and furnish any music desired the subscriber having only to punch the two were alone in the house. How her helplessness weighed upon her soul at this moment. She returned at last to the telephone.

"Aunt Alice, are you there? Well, I can't get Jane; I've called and whistled. Something's wrong; can't you come home?"

"I'll come at once!" and Nora heard her aunt ring off sharply.

After a few minutes the girl heard a footstep in the servant's room overhead, then a door opened somewhere, and presently the front door closed with a bang. From the window she saw the maid go out of the gate carrying a satchel. She followed the highway in the direction of a little station half a mile down the road, where the express trains would stop on signal. It was clear enough that she had rifled the

desk and was running off.

With trembling fingers Nora seized her directory and turned its pages. Yes! the station had a telephone. Quickly she told her story, describing the appearance of the servant, her baggage and her dress. She asked the operator to detain her, and he promised to have the policeman in charge look out for The girl's mind was working alertly now, and the telephone was rapidly proving itself an able assistant. She next called up the Dalton police station, again told her story, and asked that an officer be sent out on the express which would stop at Oakley, and would they please be quick about it, for the train was due there at one o'clock!

Then she leaned back in her chair exhausted and waited, as the smoke marked the pathway of the express along the valley. She saw her aunt driving rapidly down the road; soon she burst into the room in a whirlwind of excitement: "Child, we've been ever is, and Mrs. Harding declared robbed! What shall we do?" and strong Aunt Alice sat down weakly in a rocker, actually on the verge of tears.

Nora turned to the telephone: "Wait. count the nature of the owner of the Aunt Alice, I'll see if she's caught!" Mrs. Harding listened in bewilderment to the conversation that followed. Alshe leaned back in her invalid's chair though it was one-sided, she gathered from it that in some manner Jane had which hung the homely black receiver, been apprehended before she had fairly her eyes were filled with happy tears. started. Her niece turned to her after How much it meant to ner to know a minute, trembling, but eager: "They've

Then Nora told the rest of the story, She turned in her wheeled chair and while her aunt leaned back on the

Oakley, with a miscellaneous party following, entered her front gate. "I don't know which to admire most," she exclaimed, "your presence of mind and simple common sense, or that wonder of modern inventions, the telephone, had been robbed? but I believe I'll decide on the common ! sense. Man may invent all he pleases, in that. I hadn't any more money left .but only the Lord can fashion a mind Philadelphia Press. that works when the occasion demands it," and the aunt departed to interview her faithless servant, while Nora, through these rare words of praise, received an uplift that long afterward bore her triumphantly through bours of loneliness and pain.-Young People.

IN UNTRAVELED RUSSIA.

Part of the Great Empire That Remains Untouched by Any Foreign Influence.

To the unknown south, across the mighty steppes to Vladikavkaz nestling below the snow-cloaked mountains of the Caucasus, a world of history and romance, lies our route; and within two days we are in real Russia-the Russia untouched by foreign influence, says Outing. Unexpectedly one finds here in the

wilds of Russia a coterle of refined. charming people. The women intelligent, well educated, some of them speaking four or five languages, and many of them excellent musicians; the men, mostly officers or titled dignitaries of one branch of the government or another, for nearly every man of position in Russia is connected with the government. The bureaucracy and the army constitute the nobility. House parties, merry informal dances and musical matinees, are some of the features which tend to make the life of a great To his best girl got on a toute, land proprietor in Russia pleasant in the summer. On the other hand, the attendant duties and trials are severe, with crops to be planted and reaped by methods more or less old-fashioned, although American harvesting machin-

Northward, southward, eastward, westward have grown the dominions of step on it. - Cincinnati Commercial Tribthe great white "Tsar." Not more than . Ine 250 miles to the southward of the ancient capital of the grand dukes of Muscovy are yet to be seen remains of beacon mounds where warning fires against on an errand to town, a tea at the the raids of the Tartars were burned not 300 years ago, and the Tartars are country, and a week's mending all be- the faithful Cossacks of the empire today.

Ten decades and more it took, but the ing, and if one lost no time-but left southern boundary of Russia to-day is marked only by the hoary head of Mt. aunt's itinerary any further. She re- Ararat, 700 versts to the south of Vladikavkaz as flies the gray-winged crow.

Much Worse. Bacon-Did you say your friend is

pusher? Egbert-He's worse than that; he a kicker! - Yonkers Statesman.

Fun For Fun Lovers.

Two colored women sitting on the alist. front steps were overheard boasting of tues of their husbands.

"Gawge sutainly is a good man to me," said Mrs. Jackson, with feeling in her voice. "Ah have nevah been with- ton Star. out a day's wash sence Ah mahied dat man. He gits me all the washin's Ah

"Well, Ah has this to say foah Ezra," declared Mrs. Johnson, with satisfaction; "when Ezra gits drunk he gits drunk like a perfec' gennelman."-Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's.

Generous. "Mamma," said the little one, "there's

a girl in the next block that's a lot sicker than I am." 'You're not very sick, pet," replied the mother; "not even in bed. You'll be out playing again in a day or so." "I know it, mamma, so don't you

think we ought to do something for the little girl that's so much sicker?" "What would you like to do?" "I'd like to send her that nasty medicine the doctor left for me."-Chicago

A Fiduciary Arrangement.

"These trained bloodhounds often render great public service," asserted

the man with the wispy whiskers. "Oh, I don't know," carped the man with the gimlet eyes. "Public service don't go very far with them; it's all a matter of money.""

"Why, look at the-" "Look at nothing! Doesn't the dog pick up the scents while his owner corrals the dollars?"-Judge.

Known by Different Names. "Are you ever troubled with insomnia -sleeplessness?" "I should say I am. Some nights don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad, I've been afflicted now about two years, The doctor calls it neuris insomnis

"I've had it about 18 months, and we call it Ethel."-Schoolmaster.

One Thing He Admitted. Swiveller-Speaking of Smallweed, I

consider him the most modest, unassuming man I ever met in my life. Quilp-Then he doesn't think too much of himself?

Swiveller-Not at all; not a bit conceited, though he admits that any man possessed of his abilities would be .-

All Arranged.

"No. Adele, you cannot have tonight off. Miss Genie will arrive some time to-day, and will want you to ar-

"O, I have arranged it, madam, and Chicago American.

What He Would Do.

"If you was a millionaire," said Plodding Pete, "would you found a library?" Mrs. Harding started to her feet as the chief, Jane, and the operator from would not found a library. I would find "I am surprised at yer ungrammaticala brewery."-Washington Star.

> No More to Lose. Towne-Do you mean to say you notified the police as soon as you found you Browne-Yes; there wasn't any danger

BETWEEN DESIRE AND DUTY. position has improved since he married



"Great earth!" shouted the dismayed papa, looking at the milliner's statement, "\$125 for that bonnet?"

"Why, yes, papa," smoothly answered the gentle daughter.

"Well, when that young Squidlunks comes to-night to hear whether I will let you marry him or not, blamed if I know whether to show him this bill as a warning or tell him yes and leave him to his

His Reception. A young man on a visit en route, He arrived rather late And was met at the gate : By her father, who gave him the boute.

fate."-Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Dally News. The Feet of Man. He-Why do you shrink from me? ery is now being introduced very exten. Am I too unworthy even to touch your garment's hem?

> Sudden Reformation. "Billy Smith has given up smok-

> She-You are certainly too blind not to

"What made him do that?" "Dropped his cigarette butt in a

keg of powder."-Cornell Widow. Consistency. Harold-There's that handsome Miss

Smitherton going around with that little bit of a man again. Gerald-Yes, and they say women hate mice.-Cleveland Leader.

Perfectly Safe. Tenaweek-It is a secret, sir, but I am engaged to your daughter, and-Old Gotrox-Have no uneasiness, sir: It will go no further.-Town Topics.

Scared for a Minute.

"Oh, I'm so relieved," she sald, after carrying out your plans.-Brooklyn reading the telegram which her husband bad sent her from home. "I seemed to have a premonition when the messenger said it was for me that it would say our maid had left us. But it's nothing. The baby fell downstairs this morning and broke her arm. That's all."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Confidence.

"A woman will not esteem a man whom she cannot trust," said the mor-

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "and the many lovable traits and manly vir- I am delighted to note that Henrietta always trusts me to put the cat out and fix the furnace fire and lock the basement door and do a lot of things."-Washing-

How to Flatter.

"The wise man," said the thoughtful theorist, "praises in a woman those things that she doesn't possess. If she is pretty, he talks about her intelligence; if she is brilliant, he talks about her beauty, for woman prizes what she lacks and doesn't have to be told what she really has."-Chicago Post.

The One Thing Avoided. Materials the self-made man Of many sorts employs when he Is working on his building plan,
But has no use for modesty.
-Philadelphia Press.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.



Percy Saphead-But I hope my avowal won't cost me your friendship? Beatrice-No, but it will cost you the price of cleaning your trousersthat floor has just been varnished .-Chicago American.

Mary's Bargain.

The little lamb that Mary had Was indeed a bargain cheap; For it had been in days gone by A staid and ancient sheep. -Chicago Daily News.

Suspicious. "The new cook comes with fine recom-

mendations," said Mr. Bliggins. "Yes," answered his wife, "they sound as if the people she was with thought a great deal of her, or else that they were willing to do or say almost anything in the hope of getting rid of her."-Washington Star.

One Thing That Is Sure.

with his tongue, "but it's powerful good stuff for the human system."

"Why? How do you know?" "It tastes so nasty."-Chicago Record-

Pointed Inquiry. "Yaws," said young Saphead, "I-awknow. "Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Caustique.

"How do you manage to conceal it so successfully?"-Cincinnati Enquirer. Advanced.

"You say that Lord Fucash's social a rich American girl?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman; but now he belongs to our

heiresstocracy."-Washington Star. Where They Exist.

"Are you still searching for your grown waist. "No," replied the girl under the

tailor-made hat. "I've quit reading

rate, my dishes won't last a month.

novels."-Cincinnati Enquirer. Some Hope. Mrs. Hiram Offen-What! another said it in the hope that I wouldn't ask dish broken? See here Bridget, at that

Bridget-Oh, don't worry about thot. Ol'll be l'avin' ye before a month, ma'am.-Philadelphia Press.

Telling Tales. Mr. Oldboy-Always respect gray

hairs, my boy. Tommy-Why? My ma doesn't. Mr. Oldboy-You shouldn't say that.

Tommy-She wouldn't dye them if she As a man he's most domestic, did.-Ally Sloper.

Her View of It. "Was it an elaborate wedding?" "Elaborate!" exclaimed the fair divorcee. "I should think it was. Why, it was so elaborate that you'd think she never expected to have another.' - Chicago Post.

At It Again. Edyth-Jack said last night my complexion was a perfect dream. Mayme-Yes; and he told me long ago that he didn't believe in dreams .-

Chicago Daily News. A Difficult Conundrum. "Hi, waiter! what do you call this?" "Bean soup, sir." "Yes, it's been soup; but what the

deuce is it now?"-Judge. As Indicated. "That fellow," remarked the proprietor of the corner grocery, "is evidently

a crank on electricity." "Why do you think so?" asked the policeman, as he roved away from the cracker box. "Because he's always wanting things

Saving His Sympathy. Mother-I declare, I am positively provoked at your father. I am doing my best to secure you a titled husband,

counter .- Chicago Daily News.

and he hasn't the least sympathy my plans. Daughter-Perhaps he is keeping his

sympathy for me, in case you succeed in

Because.

Because his wife cannot Make hats like mother used to make, Each spring he never fails to go Dead broke like father used to break. Judge.

CONSISTENT.



She-Yes, she's engaged to Smalley, although she once told me that she wouldn't marry the best man living. He-Well, she has stuck to her statement even if she does marry Smalley .-Chicago Daily News.

A Point in His Favor. "I think it is to a young man's credit to have worked his way through col-

"Yes; it means that he has already demonstrated his ability to get a job.

Making Yellow Hair. Patience-See how yellow her hair is; and it used to be brown. Patrice-Yes; she's been using one of those yellow journals to make curl papers .- Yonkers Statesman.

A Feminine Termination. She-Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress? Her Husband-Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be harder to silence-Puck.

Wanted an Understanding. Applicant (for position as cook)-How manny afthernoons out durin' the wake,

Mrs. Highmore-Well, of course, you can have every Thursday, and-Applicant-I'm askin' ye, mim, how many afthernons out ye want yersili. -Chicago Tribune.

A Resemblance. "What do you think of my historic novel?" "It resembles some of the most suc-

cessful works of its kind," answered Miss Cayenne. "In what respect?" "In being neither novel nor historic." -Washington Star.

Willing to Put Up with Less. "Would you want a man to love you enough to be willing to die for you?"

"No," she replied, backing away from "I don't know what it is," said the him. "When fellows love girls enough man who was examining the mysterious to be willing to die for them, they gensubstance which he had just touched erally kill the girls first."-Chicago Record-Herald.

> No Dark Secret About It. "Am I to consider what you have told me about Mrs. Bickenham to be entre nous?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Oh, my, no! Josiah says it's all over town, but don't breathe it to a soul, or have gweat pwesence of mind, doncher at least I'd hate to have you let it get out that I told you."-Chicago Record-

> Probably Lost the Job. "I should like to have my hair dressed in the newest style," said the lady entering the hairdresser's. "Yes, ma'am," said the girl attendant; "will you wait for it or shall we send it home?"—Yonkers Statesman.

As to Mr. Higginside. Girl with the Gibson Girl Neck-You're the first person I ever heard say that young Mr. Hugginside is clannish. Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple-Ideal man?" asked the girl in the home- I didn't say he was clannish. I said he was clammish.-Chicago Tribune.

Diplomacy. Mrs. Gramercy-Weren't you pleased when your husband said you looked pretty in that dress? Mrs. Parks-No. I'm sure he just

him to buy me a new one.-Judge. How It Was. "Did you ever take a chance in Wall

street?" "No." answered Mr. Ardluck. "I put up my money several times. But I 14 W. Baker St., never got a chance."-Washington

Fishing Time. He's at home most every night, Yet a three-inch rope can't hold him back When 'he fish begin to bite.

HARD THOUGHTS



Teacher-I whipped you for your own good; I really did. Now, tell me what charged," answered the man behind the you think about it? Bobby-If I told you what I think you'd give me another licking.—Chicago

> He laid his true heart at her feet. His checkbook in he Philadelphia Press.

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